

TRADE AT MAY STERN'S

THIS WEEK'S GREAT BARGAINS

REDUCED PRICES
On All Our **STOVES AND RANGES.**
Some great bargains this week. Four-hole STEEL RANGES like cut, **\$10.50**

Child's Folding Bed
Like cut, with best woven wire springs, perfect in construction, worth \$6.50, **THIS WEEK \$2.98**

Mantel Folding Bed,
Antique finish, well made, like cut, with best springs, worth \$14.00, **THIS WEEK, \$8.50**

SOME BIG BARGAINS
IN **Combination Book Cases.**
Solid Oak Cases, like cut, this week **\$6.98**

Special Bargains This Week in Holiday Goods!

Onyx Tables, worth \$6.00, This Week.....	\$1.50
Banquet Lamps, worth \$3.00, This Week.....	\$2.25
Jardiniere Stands, worth \$1.00, This Week.....	75c
Fancy Center Tables, worth \$2.50, This Week.....	\$1.75
Pedestals, worth \$4.00, This Week.....	\$2.75
Cardaroy Couches, worth \$6.50, This Week.....	\$4.75
Leather Couches, worth \$35.00, This Week.....	\$25.00
Music Cabinets, worth \$6.00, This Week.....	\$4.75

Special Bargains This Week in Holiday Goods!

Polished Hall Chairs, worth \$4.50, This Week.....	\$3.50
Hall Seetees, worth \$14.00, This Week.....	\$10.00
Fancy Rockers, worth \$4.00, This Week.....	\$2.75
Large Willow Rockers, worth \$4.50, This Week.....	\$3.25
Hat Racks, worth \$7.00, This Week.....	\$5.50
China Closets, worth \$15.00, This Week.....	\$12.50
Sideboards, worth \$9.00, This Week.....	\$6.50
Handsome Framed Pictures, worth \$1.25, This Week.....	75c

Cash or Credit. 104 AND 106 MAIN STREET. Cash or Credit.

THE STORY OF REUB KAY.

HE WAS A ST. JOSEPH BOY AWAY BACK IN '61.

How It Came About That His Pretty Cousin Married a Federal Officer and Then How It Happened That Kay Escaped.

Special Correspondence of The Journal. Washington, Dec. 5.—One of the clerks in the pension department, in a reminiscent mood, related the following, which will be of interest in Missouri:

"One of the most interesting cases, to my mind, in connection with the war, while the case in which the son of an officer of the Sixteenth Illinois Volunteer Infantry figured. He wanted a pension because, as he said, his father had assisted a rebel spy to escape. The unfortunate applicant, as you see, was demoted. But his mind seemed to be wrong only on this pension business. On every other subject he appeared rational. The story which he would always tell was that during the war, while the Sixteenth Illinois was stationed at St. Joseph, Mo., a young Confederate officer, a West Pointer, too, was captured within the limits of the city. His name was Reuben Kay. His father was one of the wealthy merchants of St. Joseph before the war, and a pillar in the Methodist church. Bear in mind, in listening to this story we learned that every representation made by this demoted young man, the conclusion in his mind seemed to be verified.

"Reuben Kay had been a lieutenant in the regular army. He resigned, and, as they used to say of such fellows in the West, he went out to help build the government. Of course he was a handsome soldier. Did you ever know a West Pointer who was not? He was on the staff of General Sterling Price. If you have read the history of your country you know that Pap Price, as his soldiers called him, thrashed Mattu at Lexington, Mo., and captured the town. It was considered a big victory at that stage of the war.

"Well, Reub Kay, with the rank of captain, was one of Price's favorites. Reub was an old St. Joseph boy, and a long time after, when Reub was at a premium, he was sent back to St. Joseph, Mo., to recruit. The post was held by old Bob Smith, of the Sixteenth Illinois Infantry, as the records have it printed. Reub Kay, as of course, had to speak into town. He went to his father's house, and his dog had forgotten him and made a noise. The old negro coachman came out and scolded the dog. He knew the Kay family had been in the city since the war, and he was naturally friendly to them. He was wearing the red, white and red. He told the incident with the capture of Fort Smith surrounded the house. Captain Kay was a prisoner. One of the incidents connected with the capture of the young rebel, a beautiful girl, as the poor boy insisted, handed an umbrella to the Federal officer of the squad, and the Federal gallantly shared it with his captives.

"The applicant was always fond of assuring me that the young lady in the case was regarded as one of the most attractive of the Southern set in St. Joseph. After the young man who based his claim for a pension on the fact that he had been in the service in his regiment, he always rounded it with this climax: One Sunday night the news in the Methodist church, in which the old man Kay was a pillar, were nearly broken up by the incident, which the young man always described in an earnest way. There was not a Union man or woman who held membership in that organization. We were. The incident was the appearance of one of Colonel Bob Smith's Yankee officers, from Fort Smith, as Miss Kay's escort. Why, she had been known to go out of her way to keep from walking under the same umbrella with the preacher who led her to church that night, and the choir omitted her verses in the closing hymn that they had been asked to omit. And after the service the congregation remained about the vestibule to see the fair rebel and her Yankee escort pass out. And I reckon it won't hurt anybody now if I say that some of the congregation followed the couple to the young woman's home.

"Some of the hostesses of the town undertook to take the young woman, but she was too independent to notice any such thing.

"Some time after this incident, and before gossip had entirely undergone the cooling process, the town was startled with the news that Captain Kay, the rebel spy, had escaped from Fort Smith. And he was never recaptured.

"Then the people who had talked so

POINTS ON CALLING.

Rules of Etiquette That English Women Are Supposed to Follow.

From the London Queen.

One of the points in question is whether, after having been present at a wedding reception, or even having received an invitation to one, it is necessary to call upon the parents of the bride from whom it was received. As a rule, it is so, and cards should be left as after any other entertainment. Cards are not expected from congratulatory strangers, and those coming under this head should merely leave cards within the week, unless the reception was held at a hotel, in which case cards should be left on the following day. If conveyed to them they may be received previous to departure.

Again, a very general inquiry is—on the part of the bride—how long and how often should be returned. It seems almost superfluous to say the rules that apply to ordinary calling are equally in force on these occasions, and the bride should follow them as any other married lady would do. It is quite an obsolete idea to suppose that a bride must remain at home day after day to receive those who may happen to call. The bride should be up-to-date bride allows her acquaintances to take their chance of finding her at home or not, and returns the calls she has received in due course as quickly as may be. She takes up the life she intends leading from the moment of her return, and does not give herself the penance of an enforced stay within doors during each morning visit, as it draws attention to possible callers have been duly received. She does not wish to show her wedding presents, and the majority of her friends have already seen them; she does not intend to entertain, and the husband's cards are not the fashion to do so; and she prefers to make engagements for herself for each day of the week.

Change of address occasions no little uncertainty in the matter of calling upon a friend. It is a good plan, as it draws attention to whom they are expected. In this case it is usual to leave cards merely, without envelopes, and to return the cards to the new address printed upon the cards, or the new address through which a pencil mark is drawn, or those to whom calls are due are "at home" the change of address should be mentioned in the course of conversation, and the husband's cards should also bear it.

It is a well understood thing that calls of inquiry made during illness require the presentation of return cards or notes being duly left to the friends and acquaintances rather than intimacies of condolence, and after convalescence, until cards have been received, the husband's cards should be deferred. Also, it may be mentioned that cards of inquiry and sympathy should not be left until after the funeral.

The usual length of an ordinary call should not exceed twenty minutes. Intimate friends naturally remain longer, from half to three-quarters of an hour or more, but even in this case one intimate friend of the hostess should not outstay another, if that other is a later arrival, with whom she might desire a little private conversation. There are eccentric people who will remain for three hours, oblivious of the fact that they are outstaying their hosts. In such cases, the hostess should be particularly considerate, and after a friendly and appropriate remark, she should gently but firmly suggest that the late hour is approaching, and that the hostess has much to do, and that she must go to bed, and that she must go to bed, and that she must go to bed.

Slightly Personal. Mrs. Wallace—"Did you read about that poor man who stole a loaf of bread and made the defense that he was starving?" Mr. Wallace—"Was it homemade bread?" "What has that to do with it?" "Because if it was, he was lying. A starving man would not have strength to run away with a loaf of homemade bread."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PROPER CARE OF SONG BIRDS.

METHODS SUGGESTED TO PRESERVE HEALTH OF FEATHERED PETS.

Recipes for Their Food and the Best Way to Manage the Cages—The Mocking Bird as a Pet and How to Care for Him.

Lovers of song birds are often perplexed with the problem of caring for those species that are not very common. Perhaps the wants and necessities of the mocking bird are as little understood as those of any of the birds that are confined in cages, all or the greater part of their lives. The mocking bird is, in all probability, the most remarkable singer known, and his wonderful gift of mimicry gives him great popularity among all classes. Some people, however, object to him because of his fondness for making such of his songs a melody, through which he generally intersperses imitations of about a dozen other birds and animals.

The mocking bird is a native of the New World and he is found in this hemisphere on the north and south limits of the continent, and he is also found in the Atlantic ocean in which he may be found. Although a few birds are found in the Southern States, these are common only in the Southern States. These which are kept in captivity will flourish in the Northern States if they are well taken care of.

The most important thing aside from a mild temperature which is essential to the health and good spirits of the birds is their food. Three recipes taken from the best authorities are given for the preparation of food. One kind of food that is very highly recommended is made from hemp seed, toasted bread, raw seed, and an egg. Three parts of hemp seed, two parts of toasted bread, one part raw seed and one part egg, mixed together and broken into small pieces, and placed in a pan in an oven and allowed to become perfectly dry and crisp. All the ingredients must be thoroughly mixed together and afterward ground in a mill to a coarse powder.

Another recipe says mix together two parts of corn meal, two parts of pea meal and one part of moss meal. Add a little melted lard, but not sufficient to make the mixture greasy. Fry in a frying pan for three hours, stirring it constantly and taking care that it does not burn. This will be efficacious in making the food keep sweet and fresh.

A third kind of food is a simple mixture of boiled eggs and boiled potatoes. Two parts of boiled white potatoes are mixed with one part of the boiled yolks of eggs. In connection with this recipe, it is stated that mocking birds require a supply of earth, worms, grasshoppers, and occasional scraps of green vegetables. They should also have a supply of clean water.

Scrupulous care should always be taken in the care of the cages. The modern removable bottom makes this an easy matter. The cage floors should always be covered with sand or gravel. This not only affords the bird its natural footing, but also furnishes little particles which the bird eats to benefit its digestion.

GOOD WIFE, BE TACTFUL.

Here is a Plan to Successfully Manage Your Husband—Worth a Trial, Anyhow.

Economy in woman is generally pleasing to the husband. Hence it is well to mention incidentally the price of various household supplies, as evidence of knowledge and of frugality. This should not be done too frequently, as it may awaken a spirit of inquiry, which may prove annoying if carried too far. It is never wise to inquire, on the other hand, into the personal expenses of a husband who is being managed.

Comforts having been well considered and supplied, the discreet manager will begin to mold the wishes and desires of the husband into the wisest and best. Contradiction is sheer folly. Never contradict, but rather endeavor to do what you can to make his life as pleasant as possible. The next step is to never lead the husband to contradict. This is a nice point. Delicate statements are to be avoided. It is doubly difficult to effect a change if any decided stand has been taken. This kind of tact and intuition are invaluable. Always lead the husband to believe that the initiative, the suggestion, comes from him. If this can be effected the family will tread a path of roses. If this condition is continually kept in mind it can, beyond question, be finally accomplished.

DISCOVERED PEARL.

Displaced Articles Often Found by Aid of Dreams—In This Case No Dream is Remembered.

Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

The Rev. Mr. Wodrow, the historian of the Covenanters, is an enthusiastic Calvinist; it was he, I think, who told a poor woman with a large family, that "it would be an uncounted mercy if all her children were saved." This was logical, from his point of view—they that he saved are few; his is a family of a dozen, and their mother actually expects to meet them all in the new Jerusalem. Such a mercy would be "uncounted." Then Wodrow believes in every kind of portent, and miracle, and warning, and bogie, down to Cotter's March, lost armies, and bloody purgals, and all the rest of it, and he is a man who would be "uncounted" if he were not so logical. Wodrow, though, how he would have classed it I cannot guess. A gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Wodrow, was one day at his house in the country, where a young lady was visiting himself and his wife. She lost a very valuable ring, and it could not be found. The following anecdote would have delighted Wodrow, though how he would have classed it I cannot guess. A gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Wodrow, was one day at his house in the country, where a young lady was visiting himself and his wife. She lost a very valuable ring, and it could not be found. The following anecdote would have delighted Wodrow, though how he would have classed it I cannot guess.

"Did you remember to take away the pearl that Mary lost from the place where it is just conceivable that he actually did find it and place it on the papers; that, meaning to inform the ladies, he believed that he had actually done so, and that the pearl was accidentally swept back by the household into the chink of the bureau door. He had, however, a very good reason for not telling them, and that was, he had been Wodrow's explanation, but it was not the thing which he had recommended to Dr. Ceryle.

I know personally of four cases in which lost articles were discovered by dream alone. The first case was that of the key of the cellar—an awkward thing to lose, which I had been told was possible in the dream. The second case was that of a watch-dog, where it was found, though who how, it is very hard to say, though occasionally to have this power of reviving lost memories of things done or perceived with imperfect waking consciousness.

Not His Day for Being Whipped.

From Harper's Magazine.

Little Johnny was eight years old, therefore he could look back to several Christ-mas holidays with a lively remembrance of what they were like, and what had taken place on those festive occasions.

"Why, she will whip you if you don't stop," threatened the young man's aunt. "Guess not," retorted Johnny, with an air of triumph. "Christmas ain't my day for gettin' whipped. I aint gettin' whipped the day before Christmas and the day after, but I never do on Christmas."

She's a Bargain.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Doesn't your wife's crazy for bargains annoy you, Grumpy?"

"Not at all. If she wants a half a dollar she never thinks of asking me for more than thirty-nine cents."

SONGS OF SLAVE DAYS.

VANDALISM OF MODERN NEGROES IN DEALING WITH OLD MELODIES.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The old-time plantation songs of the slavery days have about passed away, and the negroes now cut the original melodies into scrappy discords and minor notes. A negro had rather strike a minor note than rub the waistband of his pants against a well filled table and eat.

I have spent many a pleasant hour listening to the quaint songs of an old negro on the plantation of his grandfather's farm, as he would rasp the screeching chords in accompaniment on his banjo. When he would sing he would get a humming start with the chords, and begin with a long drawn out note, rear way back, pat his feet, and shake his old gray head. He enjoyed singing and I enjoyed listening. I would take him little pieces of colored paper and all the colored glass I could find to get him to sing, and he would repeat the far-famed verse of alliteration: "Did you ever see a 'possum in a paw-paw patch, a pickin' up paw-paws and a puttin' 'em in His Pocket?"

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From the Philadelphia Record.

Penny, one of the most important industries in the manufacture of cheese, and a quaint sight may be seen weekly at some of its towns where the cheese are brought in from the little dairy farms and sold in the open market. At the markets of Hoorn and Alkmaar there is an extensive cheese trade, especially at the latter place, as many as from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 pounds of cheese are sold annually.

The market square at Alkmaar is bordered on two sides by houses, the treacherous of which is characteristic of the old Dutch towns. At one end of the square is the weigh house, a handsome building, where large pairs of scales on which the cheeses are weighed in the old-fashioned style, against heavy iron weights, are placed. The side of the square runs the canal, which is used by the purchasers for conveying the cheeses to their destinations, to be distributed ultimately to all parts of the world.

The cheeses, which look like bright yellow cannon balls, are brought into Alkmaar in quaint old-fashioned carts, and are piled up on the sides of the canal, the market place, covered over with white cloths to protect them from the sun.

Early one morning on my massa's farm, I heard den chickens a-cryin' de alarm. Shake yo' feet, Miss Lizzy Jane.

Shake yo' feet, niggers, it'll soon be day. Shoot along my nigger, it'll soon be day. We got to dig 'taters and here dat corn. You'd better see to see den suppers den. You'd better be a humpin', coz it soon be morn.

Shake dat balmaral, Lizzy Jane.

After Moss had finished singing his song an eight-inch grin flashed across his face from ear to ear, his eyes sparkled, and the old negro was happy again as if young folks had gone through their dancing while he sang. He said: "Massa Will, de best days ob de old nigger's life am done gone, but when I think ob de good old time, and bid de de walk, dese bones ob mine acts wose, and I want to git right up and bid de jig step agen like I used to do."

Then he told how he was considered the best dancer in his section, and that there wasn't a black anywhere around who could hold a light to him.

"Did him? I was something of a dancer myself, and that if he would cut down lively on the old 'banyard cackin', I would show him a few steps in de dancing. This tickled the wrinkled face, and he booted in de chicken coop-crowin' 'fo' day. Ducks in de yard go quack, quack, quack. Ah! dat goose gosses illey-fee.

Pigs in de pen ken a squealin' 'fo' slop. Big dese barkin' like dey never will stop. Guinea in de tree go pot-rack, pot-rack. And de goose gosses illey-fee.

I stopped him because he was out of breath, and he lay back in his chair and laughed till his sides were aching. I pulled out a rabbit's foot and tossed it to him, and the effect was magical. He jumped three feet on a rise and six feet on the stretch, and gave a whoop which was equal to a Comanche chief's. After his feat was over he told me, whatever I bid, not to put any more of those hoodoo on him. I did not intend to frighten him, but when I saw the superstition he had possessed in his young days had departed from him, I gave him a shining dollar for scaring him so, and he was himself again. We had a fine time in the few hours I stayed with him, and I asked him to pick up his banjo again and play and sing the tune he used to call "Mr.

A DUTCH CHEESE MARKET.

Where Ten Million Pounds Are Sold Every Year—Cheeses Look Like Cannonballs.

From the Philadelphia Record.

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MISSING FOR FORTY YEARS.

ABDUCTED IN 1857, BUT NOT YET GIVEN UP.

A London Story That Brings to Mind the Charlie Ross Case, and Which Illustrates the Tenacity of Parental Hope.

There is an aged couple named Day, living in the North of London, who for forty years now have been searching everywhere, as far as their limited means would allow, for their child, who was ruthlessly stolen. A few days ago the old man told his story to a London Mail interviewer, told how through these twosome years both he and his wife had never ceased in their unremitting search; how, with the assistance of the police, they had followed one clue after another only to end in failure; how they had been allowed to go through prison and workhouse when occasion warranted to find out, if possible, anything about their lost one; how for fifteen years he had posted outside his house bills notifying his loss; and how, notwithstanding the fact that so many years had elapsed, he still held fast to the hope that by some means or in some way the mystery will be satisfactorily cleared up.

Told in His Own Words.

"Our baby," said the old man, and he spoke as if it were but yesterday that the little one was missed, although his age is 84 years and his wife's 70. "I was only just 3 months old when she was stolen. That was on July 26, 1857. We lived at the time at 10, St. James's Street, London. My father, another daughter—poor girl, she never got over the shock, and is now an inmate of an asylum—but charge of the child, and was sitting on the steps of the Rising Sun, in New Road, when a woman came up, and asked her to go for a pint of beer at the Lord Nelson in the Euston road. My daughter unfortunately left the child with the woman, and while she was gone the woman made off. And from that time to this, forty long years," said the old man, with a sigh, "we have not heard anything about our little one."

Is She the Lost One?

Recently a lady guardian, near Bristol, published in his paper the case of a woman now in the service of a clergyman's family, who had been kidnaped in London when she was only a few months old. Mr. and Mrs. Day communicated with the woman, and a few days ago she wrote her to go for a pint of beer at the back of the matter is held by Mrs. Day. "I've a little of her," she said, "in my backbone; the new found woman has a red mark on her side near the backbone. Mr. Day says: 'We hardly know what to think.'"

FLASHES OF FUN.

"Experience," said Uncle Eben, "is er good teacher; but education is 'till the water is wasted on er man dat don't 'pend on nuffin' else."—Washington Star.

"Mrs. G.—'My dear, when will you learn to take your hat off in the theater when you are with me, my dear.'—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A St. Louis editor has got himself into a bit of a fix. He has a personal item about a local Johnnie, and by mistake it was put under the heading of "Times North Knowing."—Yenker's Statesman.

A slight inversion—"There is some milk-lake," said the returned woman, as he crawled from the box car, "about the fabulous amount of gold in Alaska, as the 'Times' says. 'Why, no, not so much, that is different.'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Alfthen Chat—"Ever notice," asked the stove, "what a modest creature the clock is?" "Referring, I presume," said the wood box, "to her hands?" "Why, no, not so much before her face." "Why, no, not so much that as her habit of running herself down."—Baltimore Sun.

Mrs. Hildy (in tears)—"Oh, John! How can you yell me so? You know you often said before our marriage that you delighted in cleanliness." Mr. Hildy (firmly)—"So I do, but I don't like the line on paying a woman to scrub the bottom of the coal bin just before the coal is put in."—Puck.

Seely individual (approaching)—"My dear sir, you look like an American. I am one of your countrymen. For God's sake, help me to get something to eat." Tourist (recounting)—"Why, Bangley, old boy, is this you?" Seely individual—Yes, Cholly, old fellow." Tourist—"Why, what could have brought you to this?" Seely individual (wiping away a tear)—"A book called 'How to Make a Trip to Europe on Two Hundred Dollars,' but, but, it didn't say how to get back."—Troy Times.